MARVEL®

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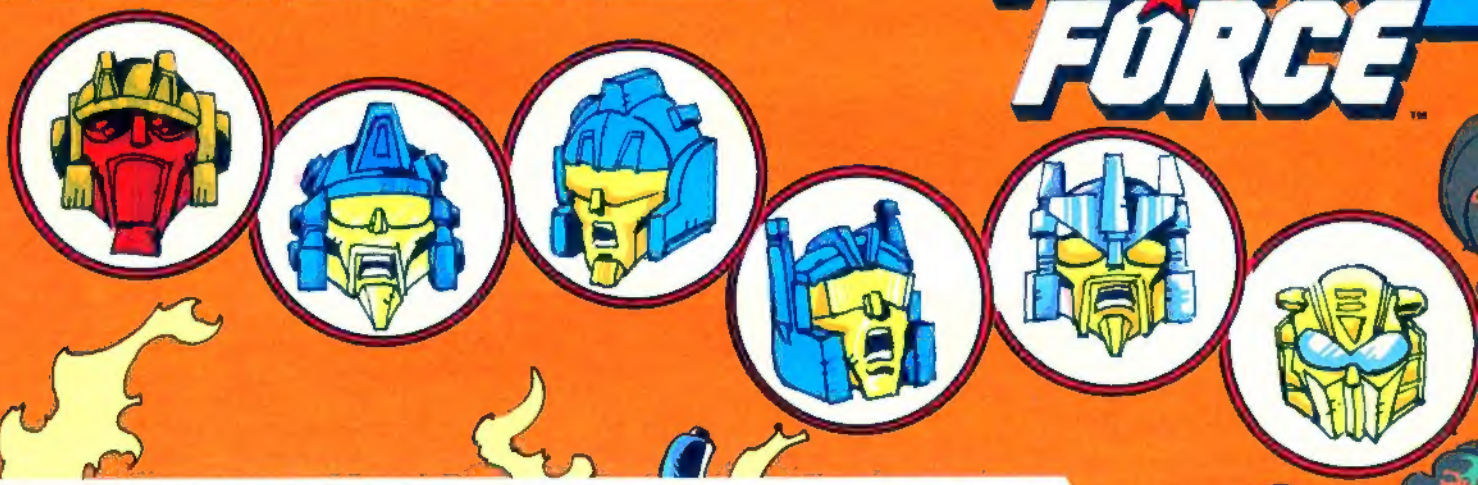
THE TRANSFORMERS

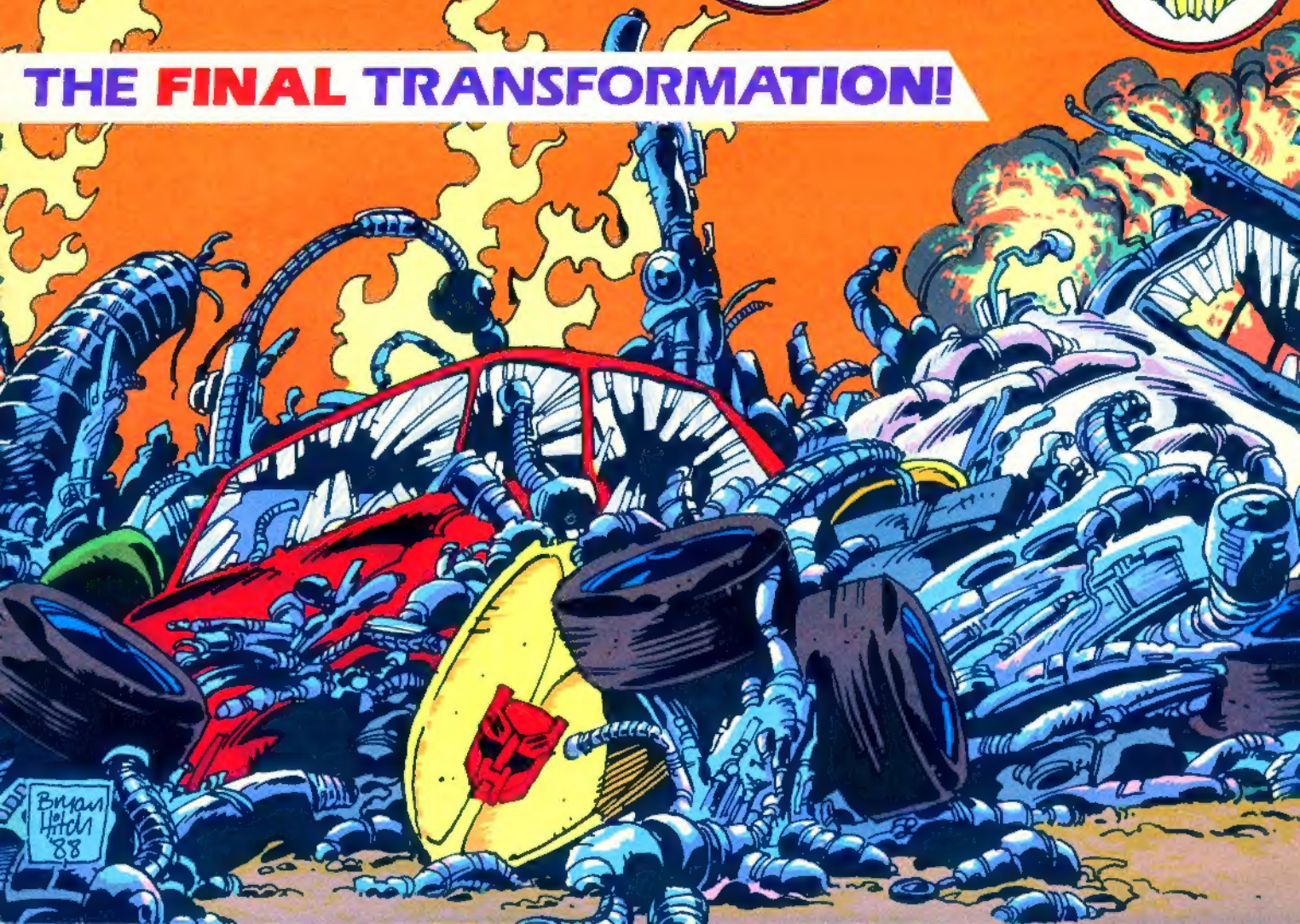
and

ACTION FORCE

THROTTLEBOTS...



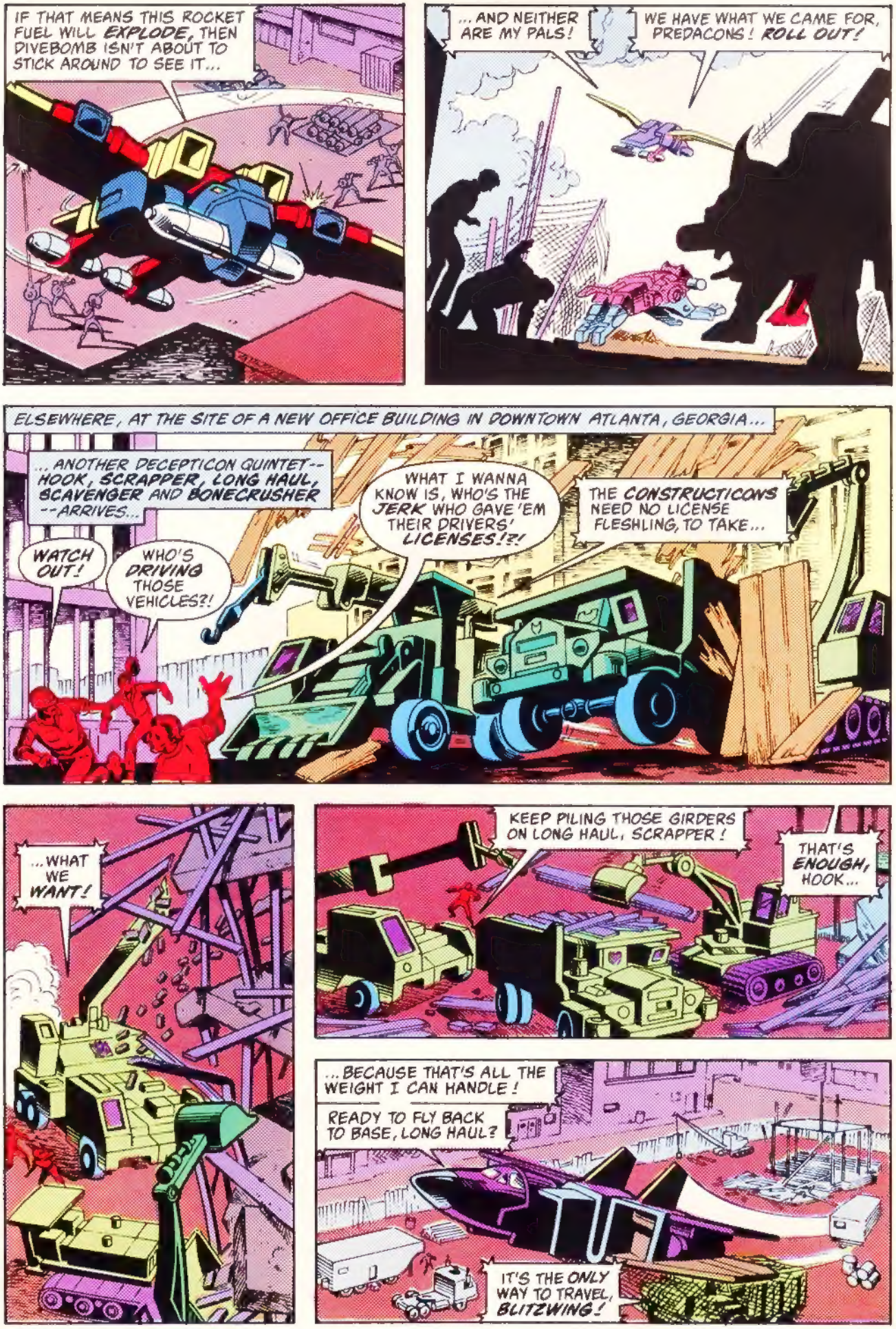
THE FINAL TRANSFORMATION!

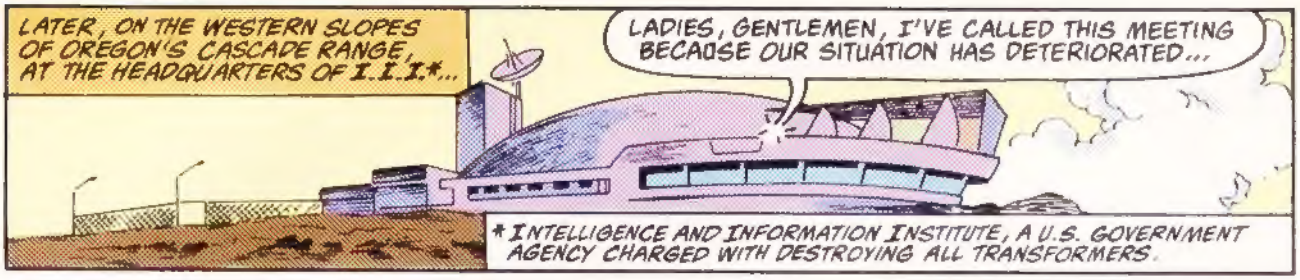


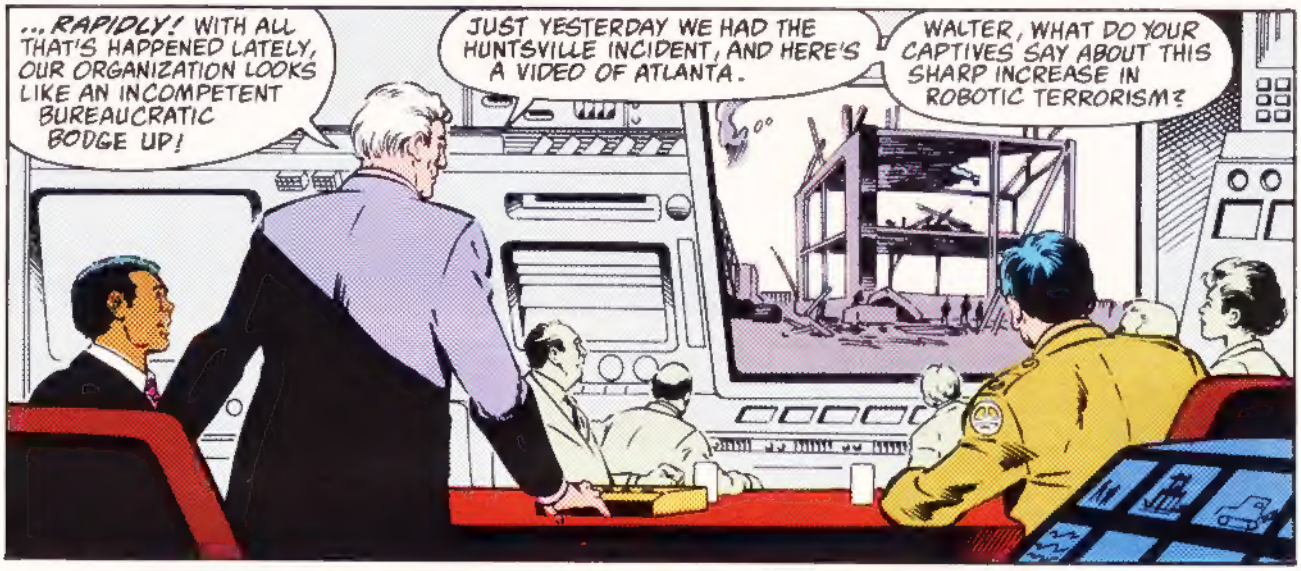
TRANSFORMERS™

TOY SOLDIERS!
THE PREDACONS ARE ON THE PROWL!
AND HERE, AT THIS CHEMICAL STORAGE FACILITY OUTSIDE HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, THESE FIVE FEROCIOUS DECEPTICONS -- DIVEBOMB, RAMPAGE, TANTRUM, RAZORCLAW AND HEADSTRONG --
--HAVE FOUND WHAT THEY'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR!
NOTHING STOPS THESE GUYS!
LOX
PTING
PTO'N
WATCH YOUR AIM!
LOX
LOX
LOX
LOX
LOV
IF JUST ONE BULLET PUNCTURES A TANK OF THAT LIQUID OXYGEN THIS WHOLE PLANT WILL GO UP LIKE FIRE-WORKS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY!

Script BOB BUDIANSKY ■ Pencils JOSE DELBO ■ Inks AKIN & GARVEY ■ Letters BILL OAKLEY ■ Colour YOMTOV


IF THAT MEANS THIS ROCKET FUEL WILL EXPLODE, THEN DIVEBOMB ISN'T ABOUT TO STICK AROUND TO SEE IT...
...AND NEITHER ARE MY PALS!
WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR, PREDACONS! ROLL OUT!
ELSEWHERE, AT THE SITE OF A NEW OFFICE BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN ATLANTA, GEORGIA...
...ANOTHER DECEPTICON QUINTET-- HOOK, SCRAPPER, LONG HAUL, SCAVENGER AND BONECRUSHER --ARRIVES...
WATCH OUT!
WHO'S DRIVING THOSE VEHICLES?!
WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS, WHO'S THE JERK WHO GAVE 'EM THEIR DRIVERS' LICENSES!?!
THE CONSTRUCTICONS NEED NO LICENSE FLESHLING, TO TAKE...
...WHAT WE WANT!
KEEP PILING THOSE GIRDERS ON LONG HAUL, SCRAPPER!
THAT'S ENOUGH, HOOK...
...BECAUSE THAT'S ALL THE WEIGHT I CAN HANDLE!
READY TO FLY BACK TO BASE, LONG HAUL?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL, BLITZWING!


LATER, ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF OREGON'S CASCADE RANGE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF I.I.I.*..
LADIES, GENTLEMEN, I'VE CALLED THIS MEETING BECAUSE OUR SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED...
*INTELLIGENCE AND INFORMATION INSTITUTE, A U.S. GOVERNMENT AGENCY CHARGED WITH DESTROYING ALL TRANSFORMERS.

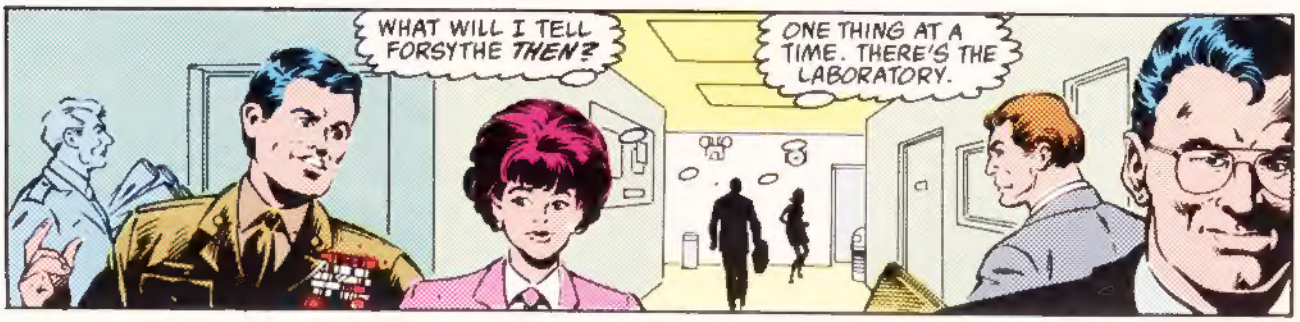

...RAPIDLY! WITH ALL THAT'S HAPPENED LATELY, OUR ORGANIZATION LOOKS LIKE AN INCOMPETENT BUREAUCRATIC BODGE UP!
JUST YESTERDAY WE HAD THE HUNTSVILLE INCIDENT, AND HERE'S A VIDEO OF ATLANTA.
WALTER, WHAT DO YOUR CAPTIVES SAY ABOUT THIS SHARP INCREASE IN ROBOTIC TERRORISM?

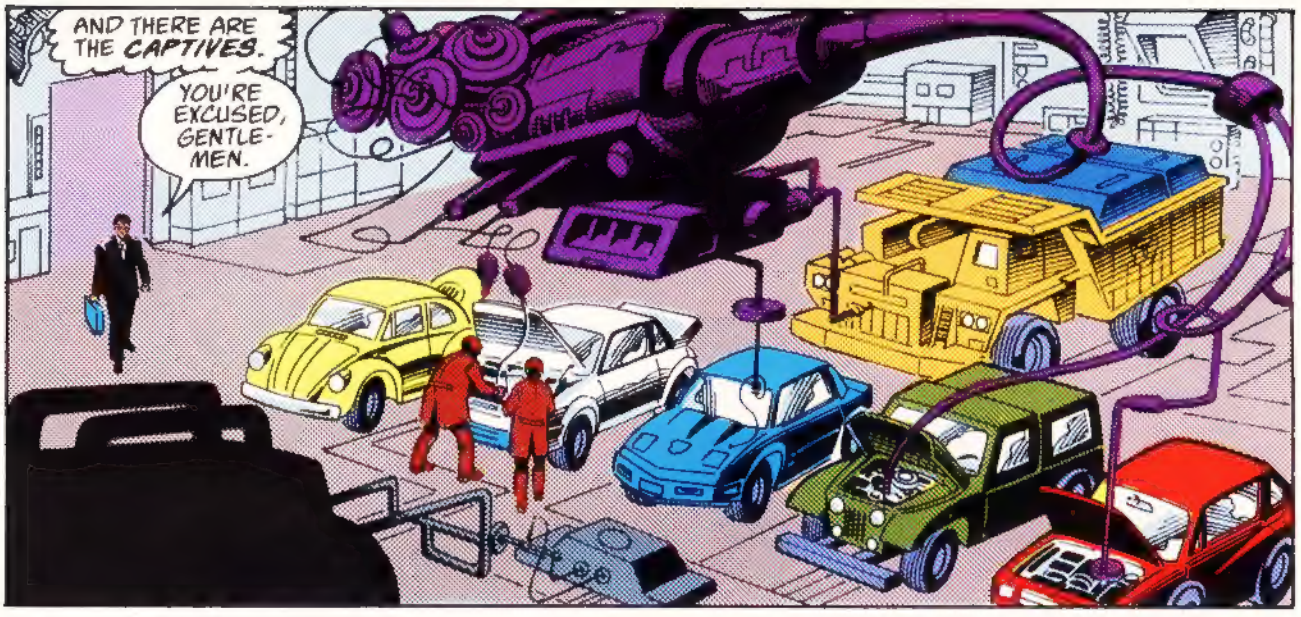
THEY DENY ANY KNOWLEDGE OF IT, MR. FORSYTHE.
NO DOUBT THEY'RE PROGRAMMED TO LIE, MR. BARNETT! I WANT ANSWERS!

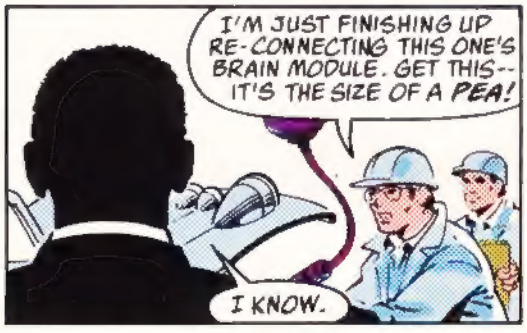
I'LL TRY AGAIN, MR. FORSYTHE.

RIGHT NOW. EXCUSE ME.

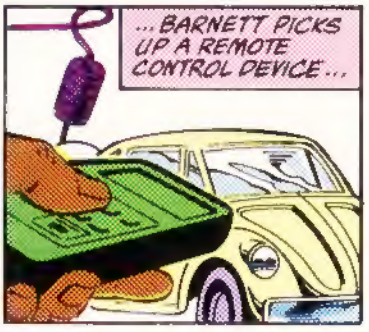
WHAT IF THE CAPTIVES ARE BEING STRAIGHT WITH ME?

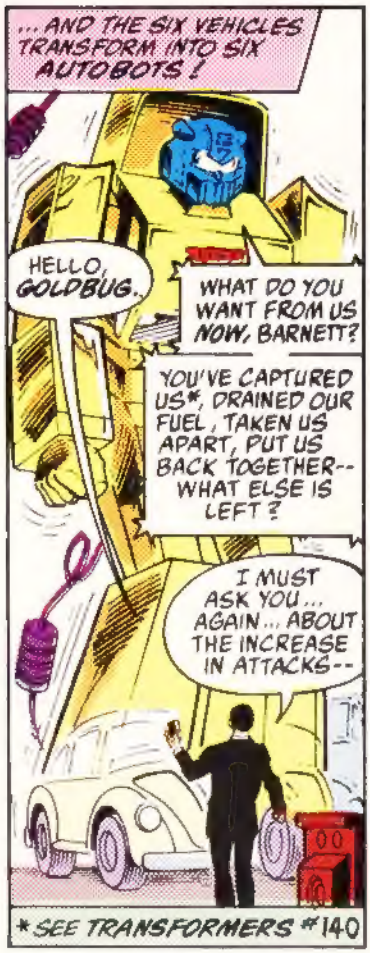

WHAT WILL I TELL FORSYTHE THEN?
ONE THING AT A TIME. THERE'S THE LABORATORY.

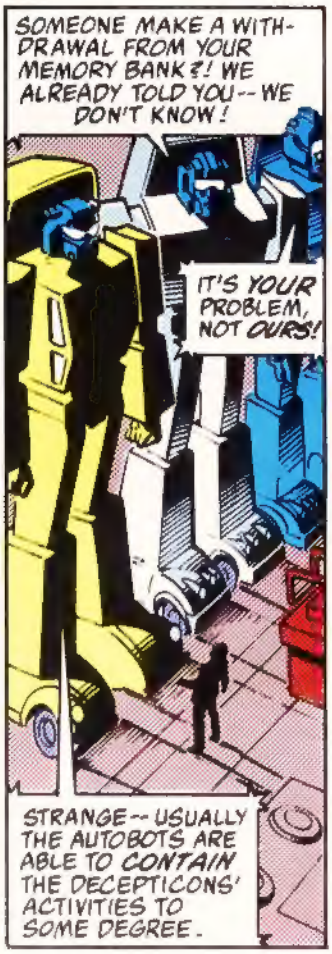

AND THERE ARE THE CAPTIVES.
YOU'RE EXCUSED, GENTLEMEN.

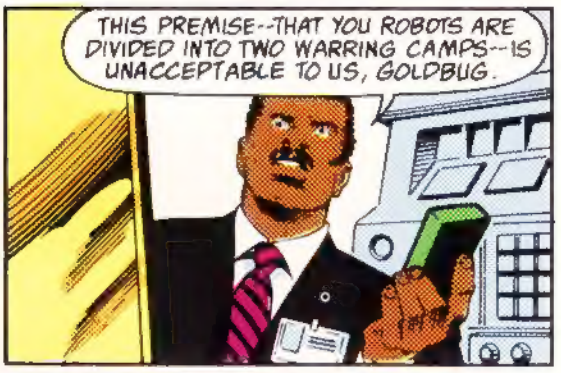

I'M JUST FINISHING UP RE-CONNECTING THIS ONE'S BRAIN MODULE. GET THIS--IT'S THE SIZE OF A PEA!
I KNOW.

AFTER THE TWO TECHNICIANS LEAVE...


...BARNETT PICKS UP A REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE...


...AND THE SIX VEHICLES TRANSFORM INTO SIX AUTOBOTS!
HELLO, GOLDBUG.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US NOW, BARNETT?
YOU'VE CAPTURED US*, DRAINED OUR FUEL, TAKEN US APART, PUT US BACK TOGETHER--WHAT ELSE IS LEFT?
I MUST ASK YOU... AGAIN... ABOUT THE INCREASE IN ATTACKS--
*SEE TRANSFORMERS #140


SOMEONE MAKE A WITHDRAWAL FROM YOUR MEMORY BANK?! WE ALREADY TOLD YOU--WE DON'T KNOW!
IT'S YOUR PROBLEM, NOT OURS!
STRANGE--USUALLY THE AUTOBOTS ARE ABLE TO CONTAIN THE DECEPTICONS' ACTIVITIES TO SOME DEGREE.


THIS PREMISE--THAT YOU ROBOTS ARE DIVIDED INTO TWO WARRING CAMPS--IS UNACCEPTABLE TO US, GOLDBUG.

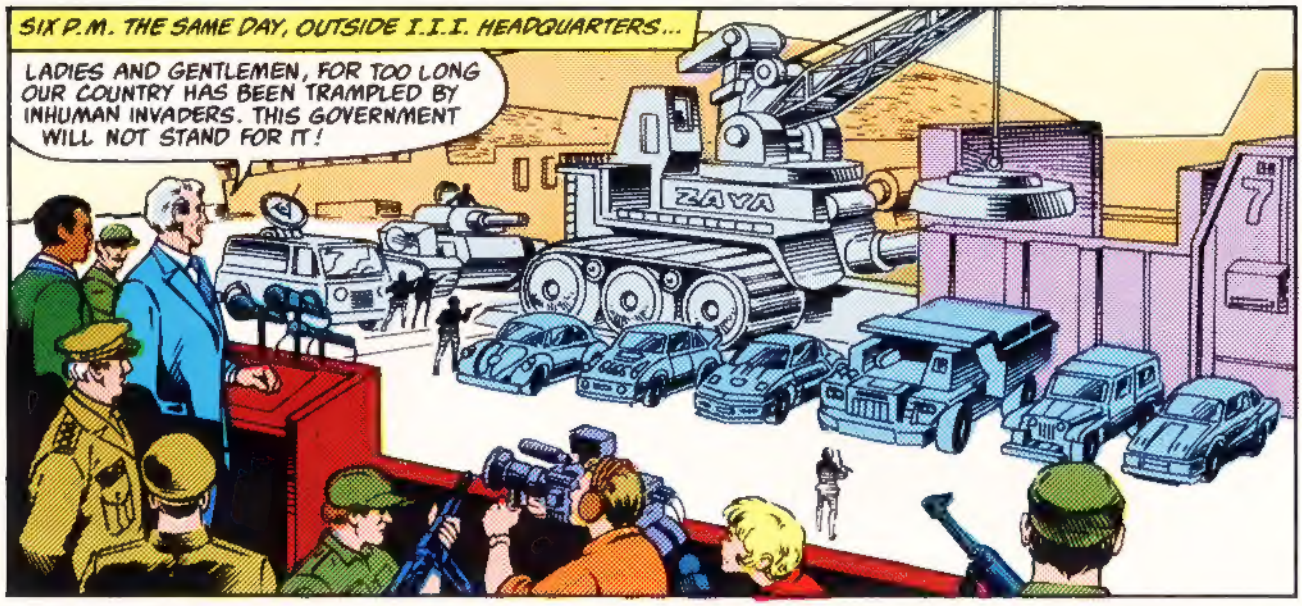
I'VE BEEN HEARING THAT SINCE YOU AND YOUR RAAT* TROOPS CAPTURED US--
*RAPID ANTI-ROBOT ASSAULT TEAM, I.I.I.'S MILITARY ARM.

--BUT UNACCEPTABLE OR NOT, IT'S THE TRUTH.
IGNORE THAT FACT AND YOU HUMANS WILL BE THE ONES WHO WILL INEVITABLY SUFFER.
SIR, YOUR FAMILY IS WAITING FOR YOU IN YOUR OFFICE.
ER, ONE MOMENT, CORPORAL.
LAB
I JUST HAVE TO RETURN THE PRISONERS...
...TO THEIR DORMANT STATE.
WALT! WE'VE BEEN WAITING AN HOUR!
I'M SORRY, CHARLENE. A LOT'S BEEN HAPPENING LATELY.
BUT IT'S SUNDAY! THEY'VE BEEN WORKING YOU TOO HARD!
YOU PROMISED STEVIE WE'D VISIT HIS COUSINS.
SORRY, SON. I GUESS I BLEW IT.
THAT'S OKAY, DAD. WE CAN GO NEXT WEEK.
BARNETT, THIS IS FORSYTHE. ANY PROGRESS?
ER, NO, SIR. BUT I'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW.
AND I GUARANTEE RESULTS.
THAT'S VERY WELL AND GOOD, BARNETT...
...BUT TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE.
SOON, AT A SECURITY CHECKPOINT...
NOTHING IN HERE.
AND THESE DON'T LOOK TOO DANGEROUS, EXCEPT MAYBE TO YOUR CARPET.
GO AHEAD, FOLKS. HAVE A NICE DAY.
UH, THANK YOU.
TOMORROW...TOO LATE?

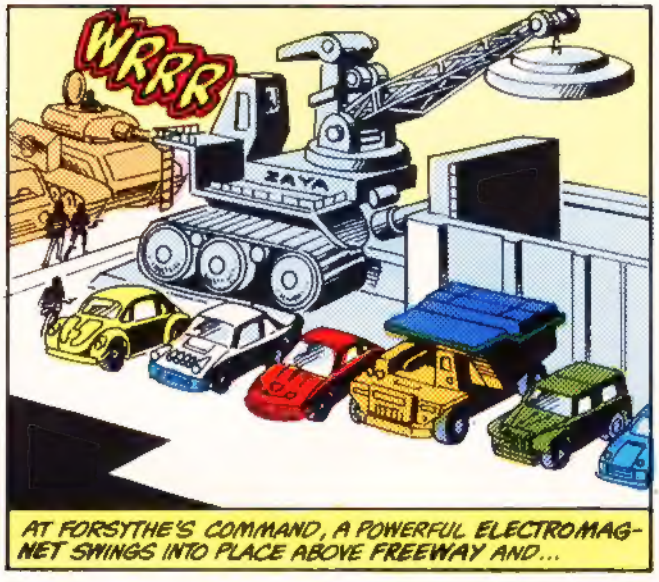
THE BARNETT HOME, THAT NIGHT...
WALT, LOOK WHO'S ON THE NEWS--
MMMFRGLE?
--YOUR BOSS, MR. FORSYTHE!
...THAT'S RIGHT, THE GOVERNMENT POLICY HAS CHANGED. THESE ROBOTS MUST UNDERSTAND THAT THEIR ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES.
THEIR NEXT TERRORIST ACT WILL TRIGGER THE SWIFT AND UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE SIX ROBOTS RAAT RECENTLY CAPTURED.
MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE THOSE ROBOTS THINK TWICE -- IF THEY CAN THINK AT ALL!
HE JUST SIGNED THOSE AUTOBOTS' DEATH WARRANTS!
THE NEXT MORNING...
MR. FORSYTHE, THAT ULTIMATUM WAS AN *INVITATION* TO THE DECEPTICONS TO STRIKE AGAIN!
THEY'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO CAUSE THE DESTRUCTION OF THOSE SIX AUTOBOTS!
TAKE BACK YOUR STATEMENT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
IT ALREADY IS.
LOOK AT THIS MORNING'S PAPER.
THE RECORD
ROBOTS STRIKE AGAIN
MR. FORSYTHE, IF WE GO THROUGH WITH THIS WE'LL ONLY BE HURTING OURSELVES! THE DECEPTICONS PULLED THIS STUNT TO *INSURE* THE AUTOBOTS' DESTRUCTION.

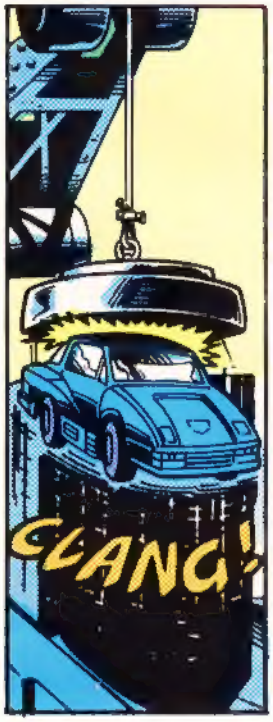
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

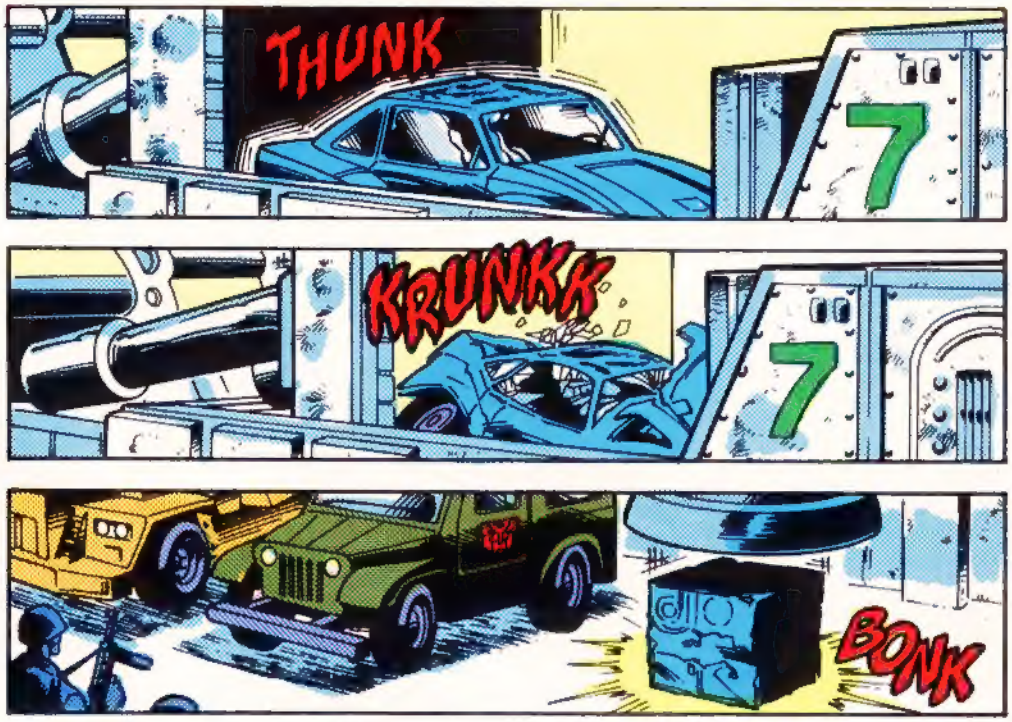
THESE AUTOBOTS ARE MACHINES, BARNETT! DO YOU THINK THEY CARE FOR OTHERS, LIKE PEOPLE DO?
NO. BASED ON WHAT I'VE SEEN, I'M SURE THEY CARE MUCH MORE.
EXECUTION COMMENCES AT 6 P.M. TOMORROW... IN TIME FOR THE EVENING NEWS!
BE THERE.
THAT NIGHT...
WALT -- ARE YOU AWAKE? IT'S 4 A.M.
I, ER, CAN'T SLEEP. NEED A DRINK OF WATER.
HMM... TOO BAD THE AUTOBOTS AREN'T AS SMALL AS STEVIE'S TOYS. I COULD WALK THEM RIGHT PAST SECURITY.
HEY, WAIT A SECOND --
WALT --? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THE OFFICE, HONEY. LONG DAY AHEAD. BEST IF I GET AN EARLY START.
WALT, IT'S 4 A.M.!
WALT?
SOON, AT THE I.I.I LABORATORY...
GO AHEAD, MR. BARNETT.
WHY HAVE YOU ROUSED US THIS TIME, BARNETT?
CLIK
HERE TO GIVE US, AS YOU HUMANS PUT IT, OUR LAST RITES?
NO, GOLDBUG -- I'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER...

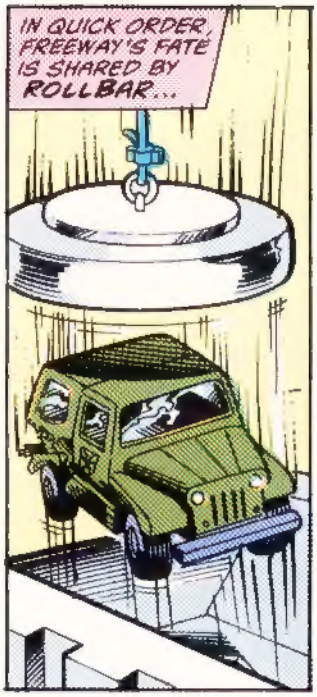

SIX P.M. THE SAME DAY, OUTSIDE I.I.I. HEADQUARTERS...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR TOO LONG OUR COUNTRY HAS BEEN TRAMPLED BY INHUMAN INVADERS. THIS GOVERNMENT WILL NOT STAND FOR IT!
ZAYA
7

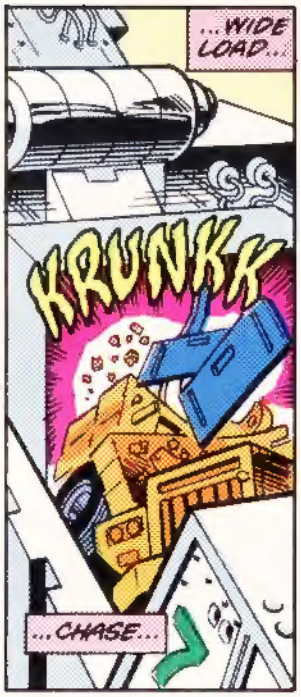
THIS IS HOW THIS ADMINISTRATION DEALS WITH MECHANIZED TERRORISM--
--COMMENCE TERMINATION PROCEDURE.

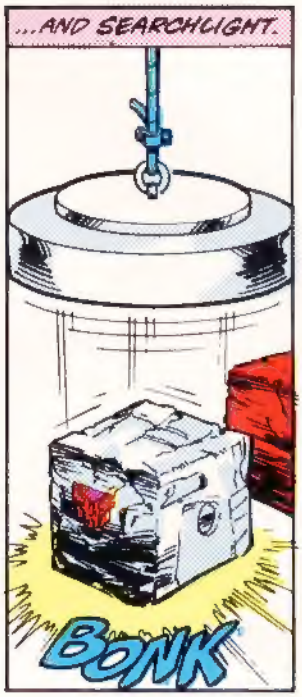

WRRR
ZAYA
AT FORSYTHE'S COMMAND, A POWERFUL ELECTROMAGNET SWINGS INTO PLACE ABOVE FREEWAY AND...


CLANG!


THUNK
7
KRUNKK
7
BONK

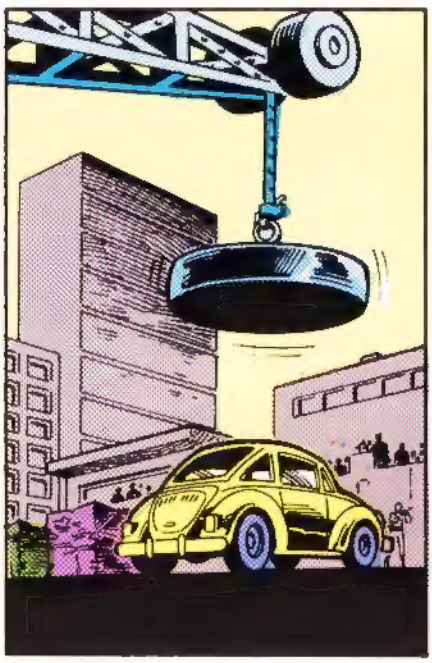

IN QUICK ORDER, FREEWAY'S FATE IS SHARED BY ROLLBAR...

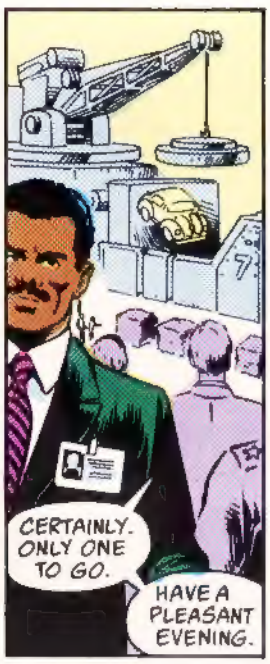

...WIDE LOAD...
KRUNKK
...CHASE...

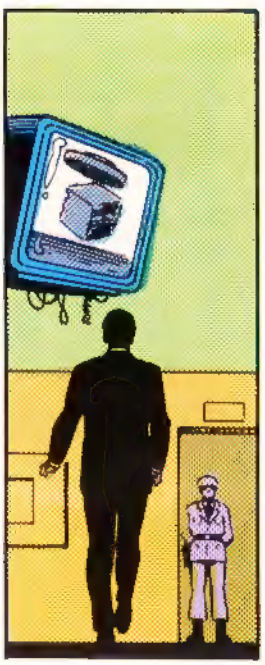

...AND SEARCHLIGHT.
BONK

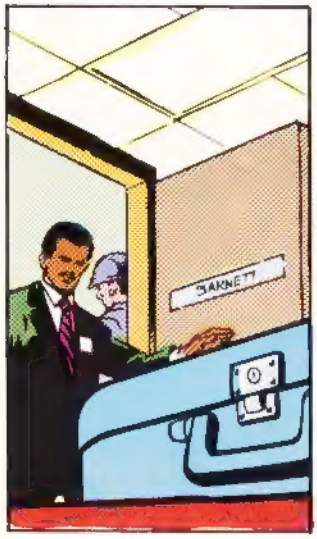
THIS IS THE KIND OF TOUGHNESS THE PEOPLE WANT FROM THEIR LEADERS, WALTER. WE HAVE A SUCCESS ON OUR HANDS!
IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR--

...I'D LIKE TO GET HOME EARLY. BEAT THE TRAFFIC.




CERTAINLY. ONLY ONE TO GO.
HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING.

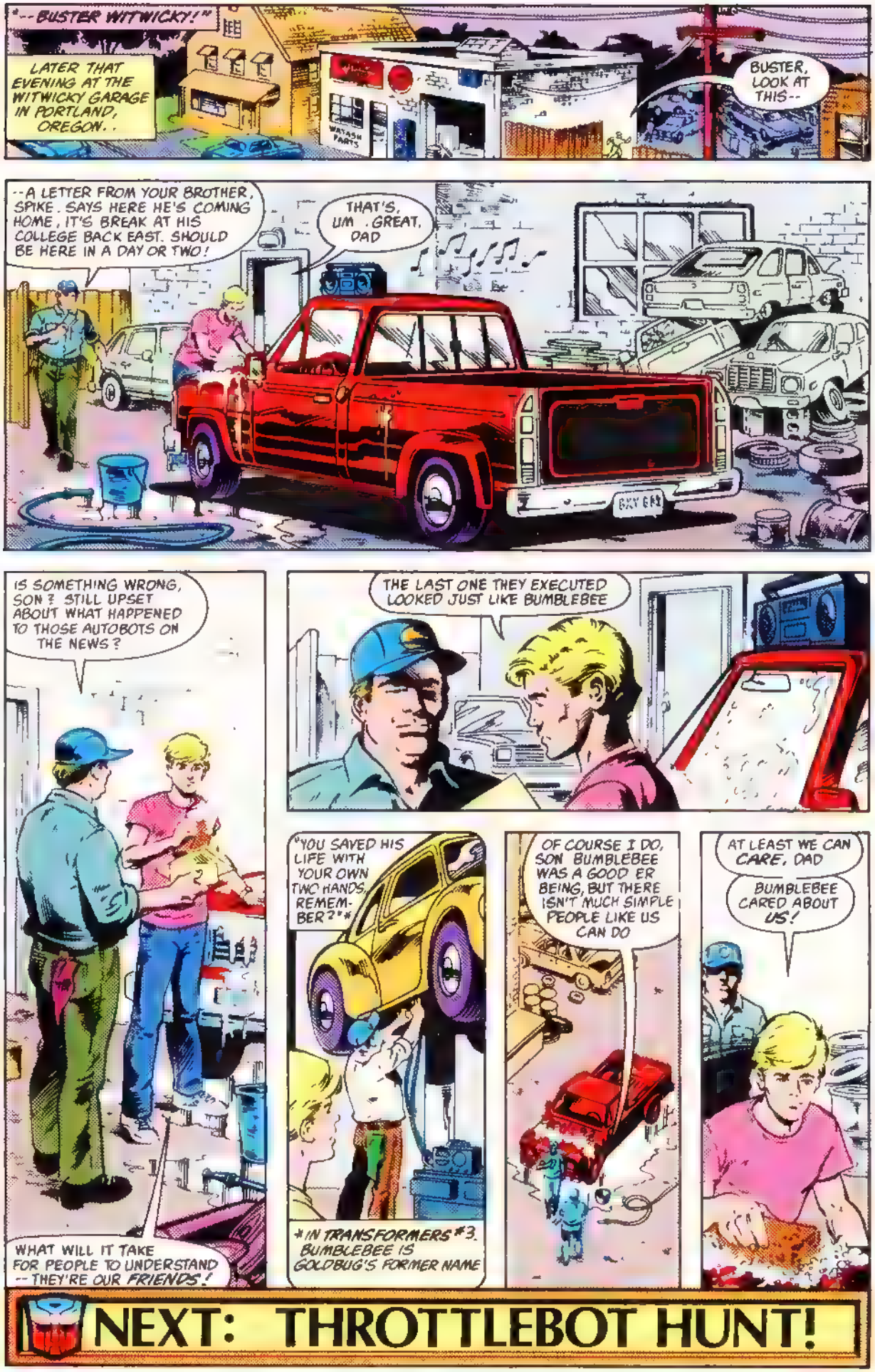



BARNETT

GOOD NIGHT, MR. BARNETT.
'NIGHT!

EVERYTHING LOOKS IN ORDER. HAVE A SAFE RIDE HOME, SIR.

MOMENTS LATER...
HOW ARE YOU GUYS FEELING?
I THINK I SPEAK FOR ALL OF US, BARNETT, WHEN I SAY--
--CRAMPED!
IS THAT YOU, GOLDBUG?
YES WHAT DID YOU DO TO US?
I...I FINALLY REALIZED YOU WERE ON OUR SIDE..
"..BUT I COULDN'T SEE ANY WAY TO PREVENT YOUR EXECUTIONS, SO THIS MORNING I SWITCHED YOU ALL OFF...
"AND REMOVED YOUR BRAIN MODULES.
"I BROUGHT ALONG SIX OF MY SON'S BATTERY-POWERED TOY CARS...
"...AND INSERTED A BRAIN INTO EACH ONE
"THEN I CONNECTED EACH BRAIN TO THE CAR'S BATTERY...
"..WHICH IS WHY YOU HAVE THE POWER TO SPEAK. I RAN YOUR OPTICAL FIBRES TO THE TOYS' HEADLIGHTS SO YOU CAN SEE."
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK OF TO SNEAK YOU OUT OF I.I I. AND SAVE YOU
THANKS, BARNETT. BUT OUR BODIES--?
DESTROYED, GOLDBUG THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO
THEN OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO REACH OUR HOME BASE-- THE ARK!
HOW DO WE GET THERE?
WITH THE HELP OF A FRIEND--


"--BUSTER WITWICKY!"
LATER THAT EVENING AT THE WITWICKY GARAGE IN PORTLAND, OREGON..
WATASH PARTS
BUSTER, LOOK AT THIS--
--A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER, SPIKE. SAYS HERE HE'S COMING HOME, IT'S BREAK AT HIS COLLEGE BACK EAST. SHOULD BE HERE IN A DAY OR TWO!
THAT'S, UM . GREAT, DAD
IS SOMETHING WRONG, SON? STILL UPSET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE AUTOBOTS ON THE NEWS?
THE LAST ONE THEY EXECUTED LOOKED JUST LIKE BUMBLEBEE
"YOU SAVED HIS LIFE WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS, REMEMBER?"*
* IN TRANSFORMERS #3, BUMBLEBEE IS GOLDBUG'S FORMER NAME
OF COURSE I DO, SON BUMBLEBEE WAS A GOOD ER BEING, BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH SIMPLE PEOPLE LIKE US CAN DO
AT LEAST WE CAN CARE, DAD
BUMBLEBEE CARED ABOUT US!
WHAT WILL IT TAKE FOR PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND -- THEY'RE OUR FRIENDS!
NEXT: THROTTLEBOT HUNT!

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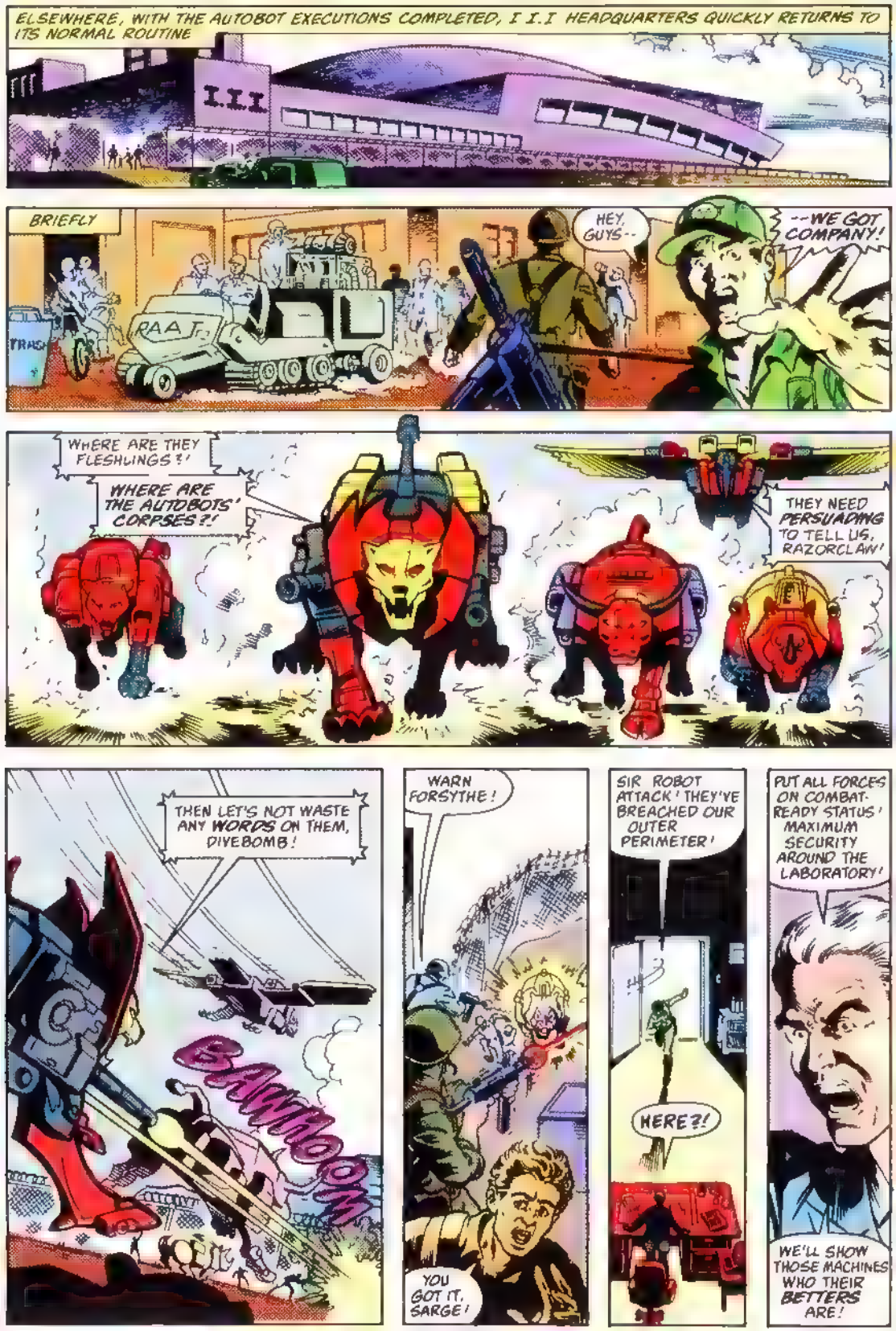
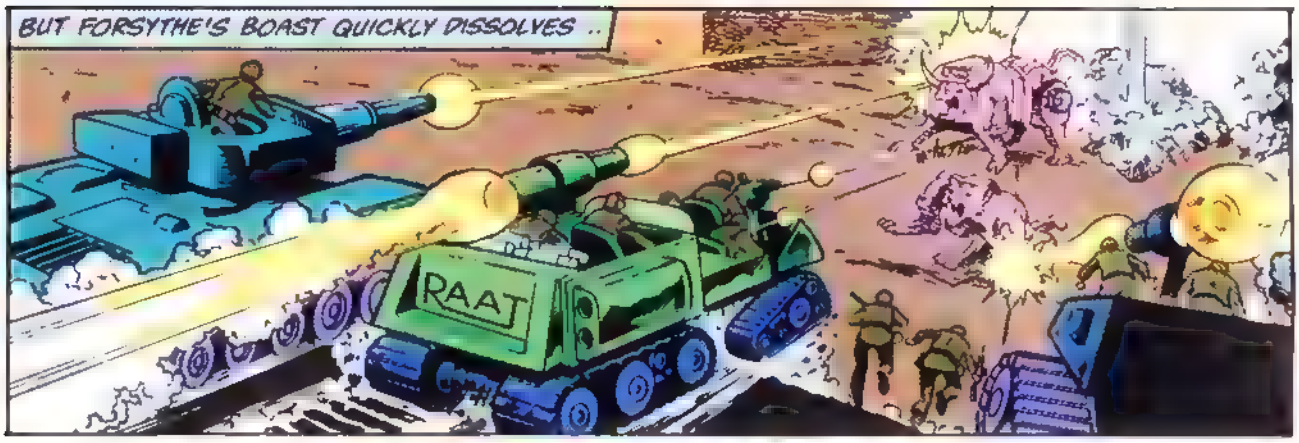
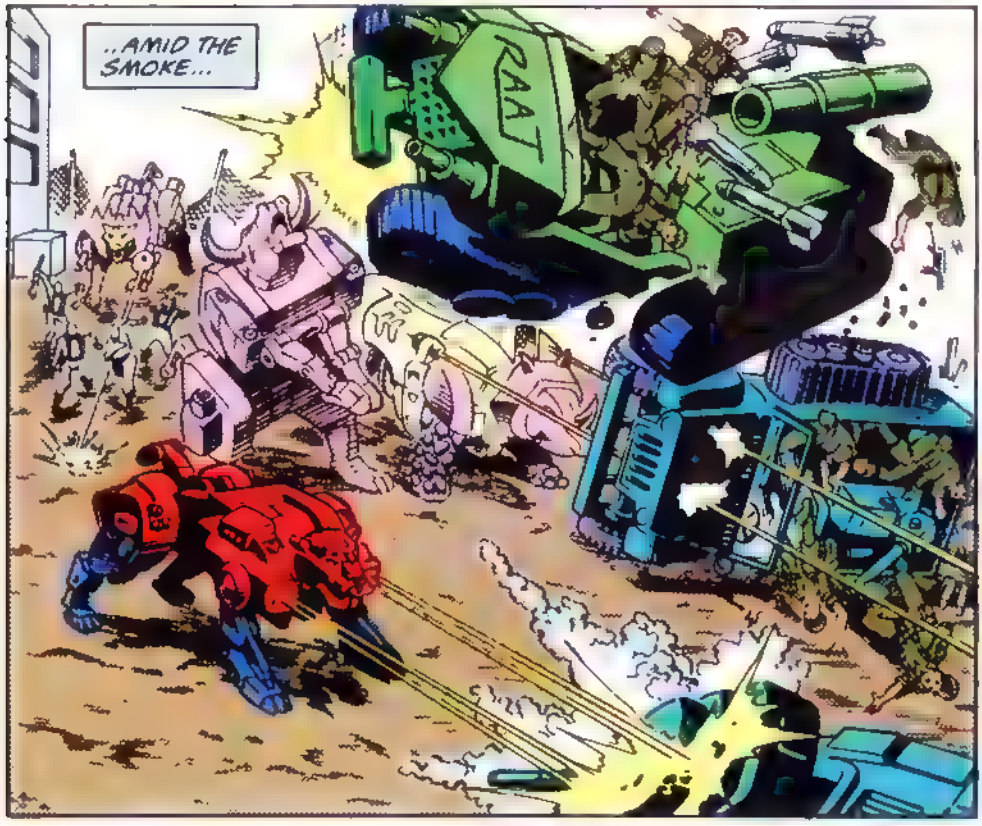

ELSEWHERE, WITH THE AUTOBOT EXECUTIONS COMPLETED, I.I.I HEADQUARTERS QUICKLY RETURNS TO ITS NORMAL ROUTINE
I.I.I
BRIEFLY
RAAJ
HEY, GUYS--
--WE GOT COMPANY!
WHERE ARE THEY FLESHLINGS?!
WHERE ARE THE AUTOBOTS' CORPSES?!
THEY NEED PERSUADING TO TELL US, RAZORCLAW!
THEN LET'S NOT WASTE ANY WORDS ON THEM, DIVEBOMB!
BAWHOOM
WARN FORSYTHE!
YOU GOT IT, SARGE!
SIR ROBOT ATTACK! THEY'VE BREACHED OUR OUTER PERIMETER!
HERE?!
PUT ALL FORCES ON COMBAT-READY STATUS! MAXIMUM SECURITY AROUND THE LABORATORY!
WE'LL SHOW THOSE MACHINES WHO THEIR BETTERS ARE!


BUT FORSYTHE'S BOAST QUICKLY DISSOLVES ..
RAAT

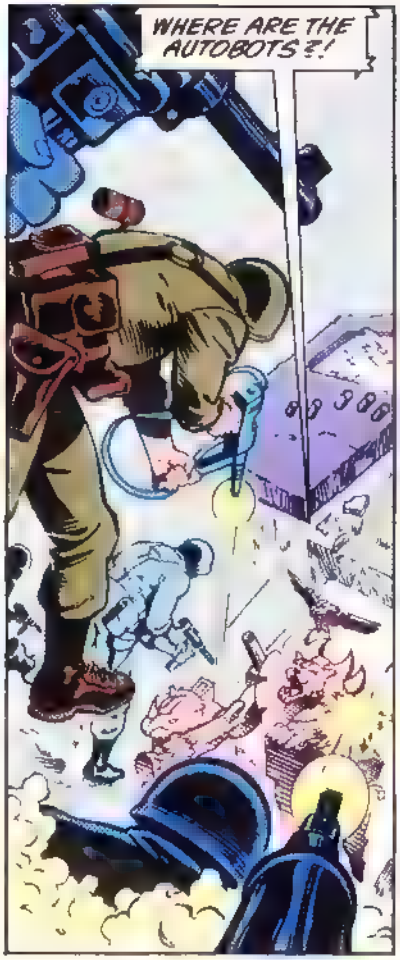

..AMID THE SMOKE...
RAAT

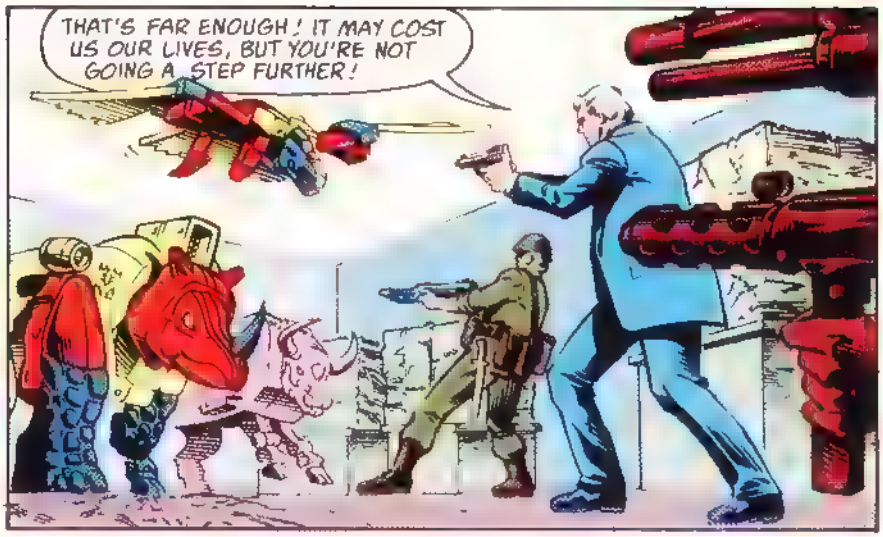
...OF DEFEAT AND DESTRUCTION...

...LEFT IN THE PREDACONS' WAKE

WRRAKK

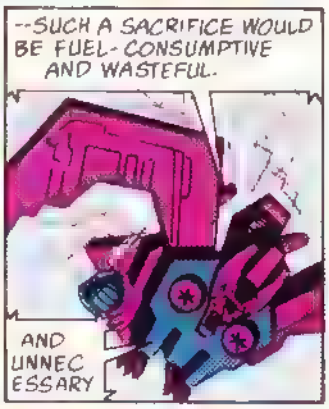
WHERE ARE THEY, FLESHLINGS?!

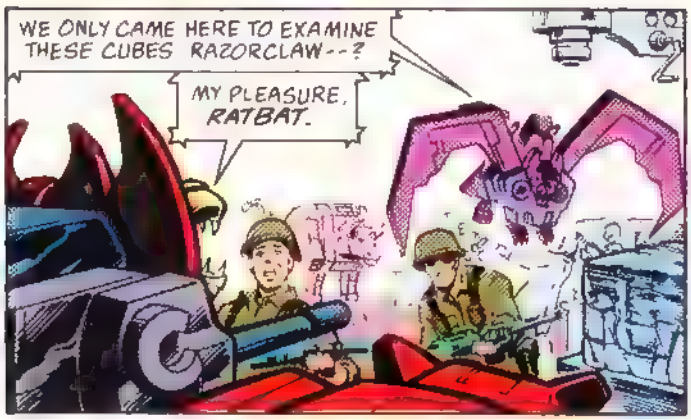

WHERE ARE THE AUTOBOTS?!

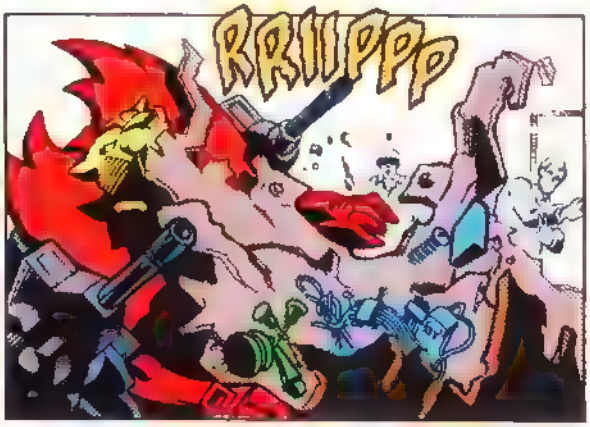

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! IT MAY COST US OUR LIVES, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING A STEP FURTHER!

CLIK

FLESHLING -
PTOO


--SUCH A SACRIFICE WOULD BE FUEL-CONSUMPTIVE AND WASTEFUL.
AND UNNEC ESSARY


WE ONLY CAME HERE TO EXAMINE THESE CUBES RAZORCLAW--?
MY PLEASURE, RATBAT.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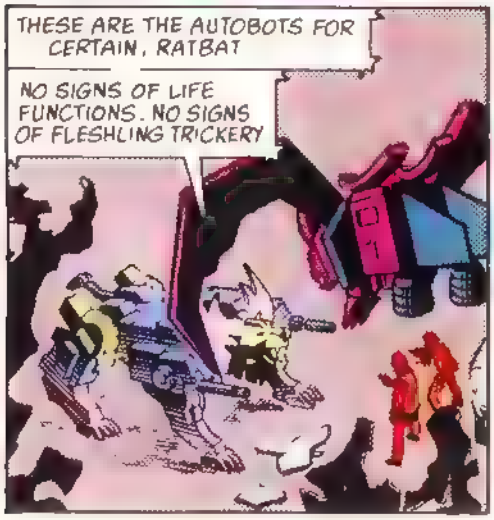
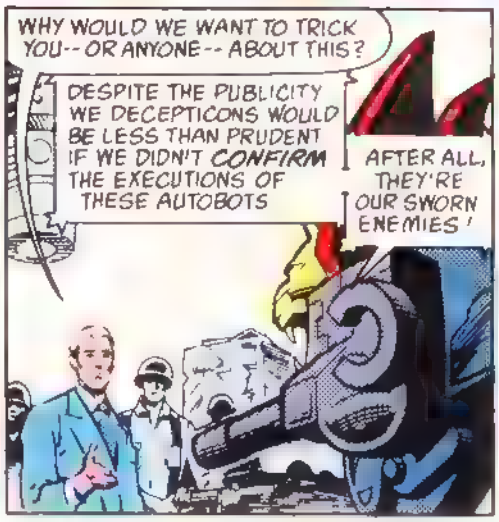
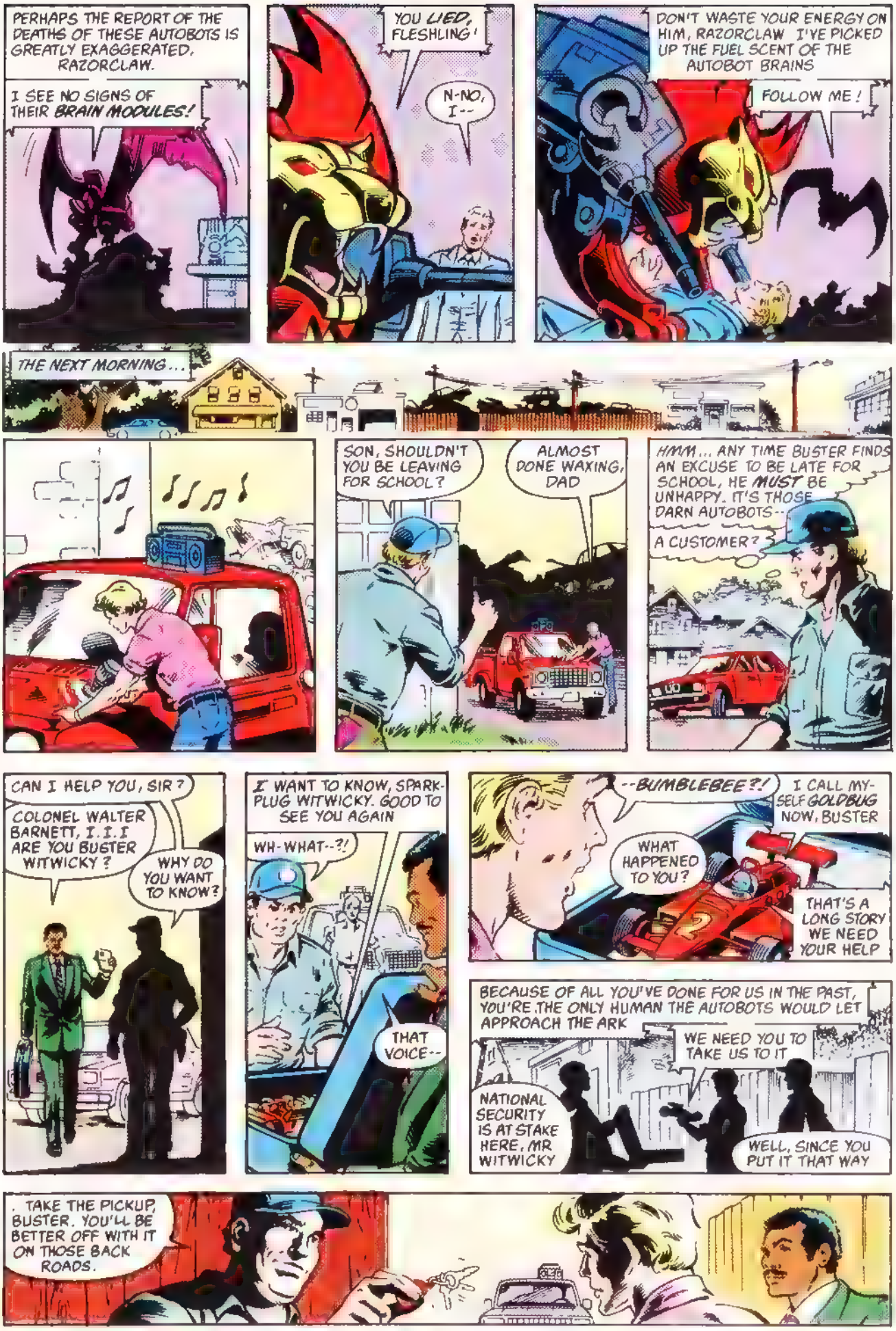
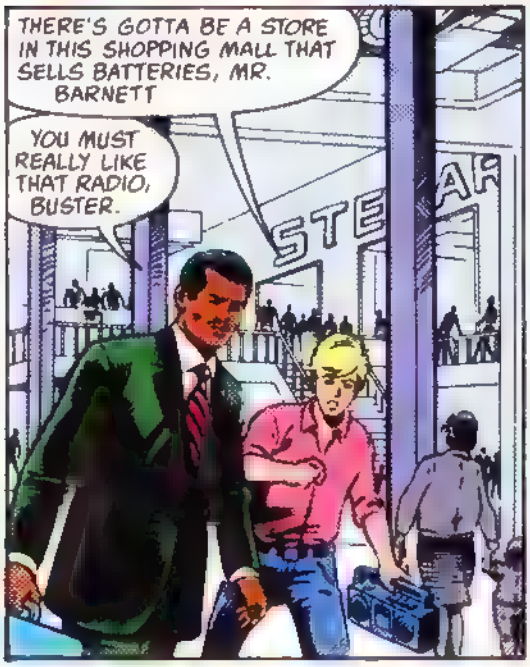

THESE ARE THE AUTOBOTS FOR CERTAIN, RATBAT
NO SIGNS OF LIFE FUNCTIONS. NO SIGNS OF FLESHLING TRICKERY

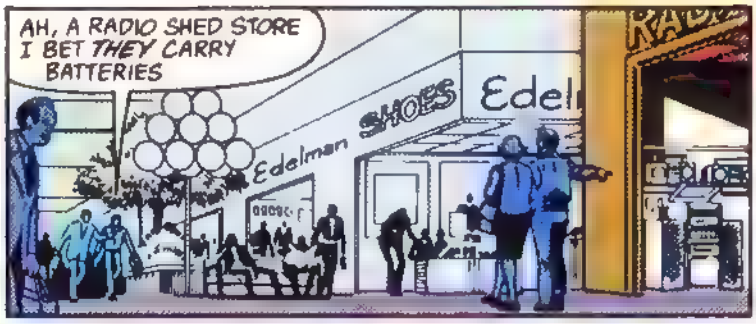

WHY WOULD WE WANT TO TRICK YOU--OR ANYONE--ABOUT THIS?
DESPITE THE PUBLICITY WE DECEPTICONS WOULD BE LESS THAN PRUDENT IF WE DIDN'T CONFIRM THE EXECUTIONS OF THESE AUTOBOTS
AFTER ALL, THEY'RE OUR SWORN ENEMIES!

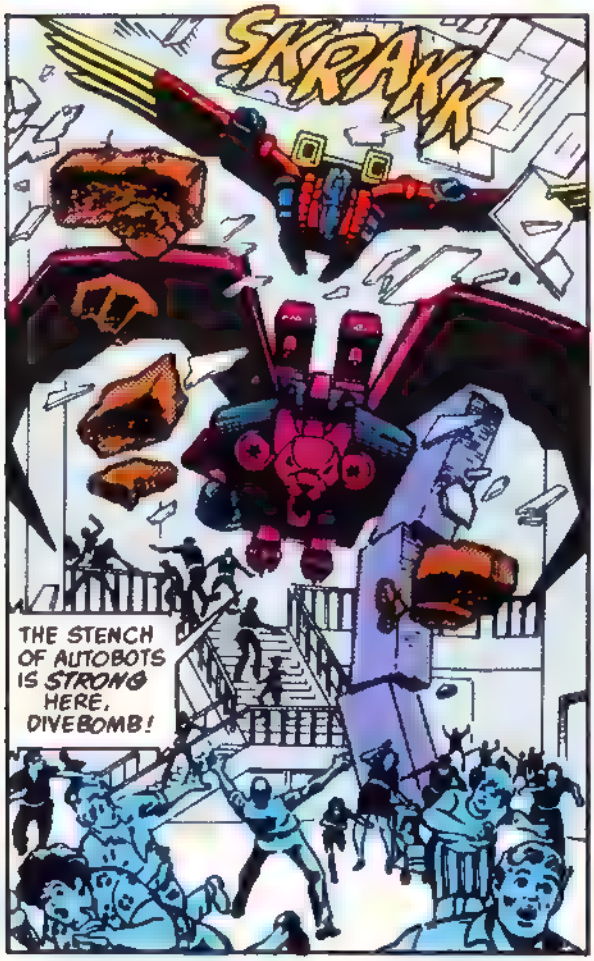
WALTER YOU WERE RIGHT...THERE ARE TWO OPPOSING SIDES
.. AND I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR IT!

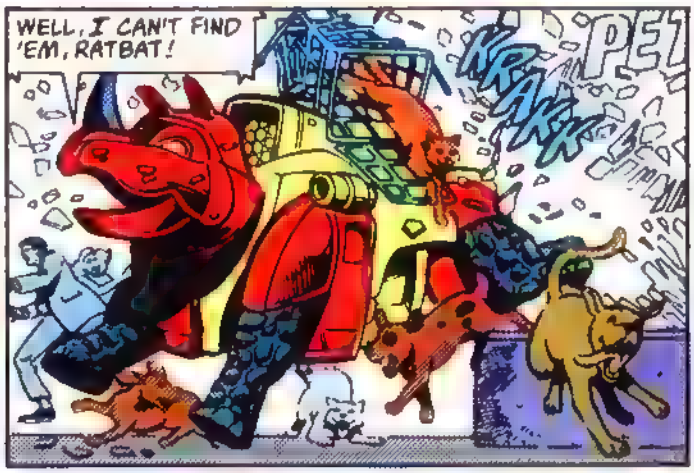

PERHAPS THE REPORT OF THE DEATHS OF THESE AUTOBOTS IS GREATLY EXAGGERATED, RAZORCLAW.
I SEE NO SIGNS OF THEIR BRAIN MODULES!
YOU LIED, FLESHLING!
N-NO, I--
DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY ON HIM, RAZORCLAW I'VE PICKED UP THE FUEL SCENT OF THE AUTOBOT BRAINS
FOLLOW ME!
THE NEXT MORNING...
SON, SHOULDN'T YOU BE LEAVING FOR SCHOOL?
ALMOST DONE WAXING, DAD
HMM... ANY TIME BUSTER FINDS AN EXCUSE TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL, HE MUST BE UNHAPPY. IT'S THOSE DARN AUTOBOTS--
A CUSTOMER?
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
COLONEL WALTER BARNETT, I.I.I ARE YOU BUSTER WITWICKY?
WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
I WANT TO KNOW, SPARK-PLUG WITWICKY. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN
WH-WHAT--?!
THAT VOICE--
--BUMBLEBEE?!
I CALL MYSELF GOLDBUG NOW, BUSTER
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
THAT'S A LONG STORY WE NEED YOUR HELP
BECAUSE OF ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR US IN THE PAST, YOU'RE THE ONLY HUMAN THE AUTOBOTS WOULD LET APPROACH THE ARK
WE NEED YOU TO TAKE US TO IT
NATIONAL SECURITY IS AT STAKE HERE, MR WITWICKY
WELL, SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY
. TAKE THE PICKUP, BUSTER. YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF WITH IT ON THOSE BACK ROADS.

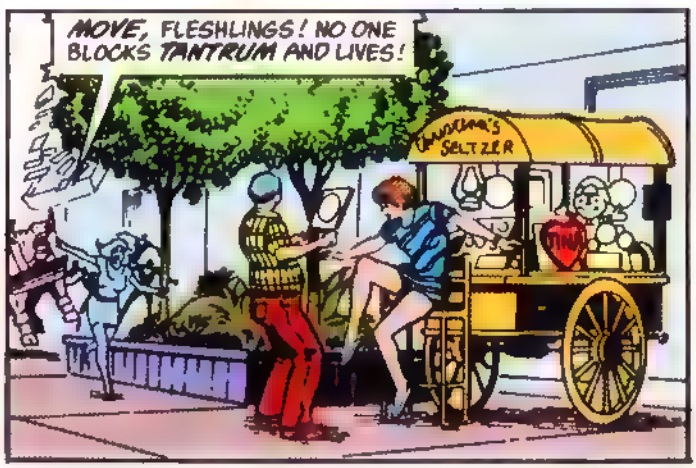
I'LL HAVE HIM BACK SAFELY IN A FEW HOURS, MR WITWICKY.
DRIVE CAREFULLY, SON...
I DON'T GET IT-- I THOUGHT YOU I.I.I. GUYS OFFED THE AUTOBOTS
BARNETT DIDN'T AGREE AND SO HE REMOVED OUR BRAINS
GOLDBUG, ARE YOU OKAY?
FEELING.. WEAK
THE BATTERIES IN THE TOY-- THEY MUST BE RUNNING LOW!
WE'LL STOP ON THE WAY FOR SOME NEW ONES.
ELSEWHERE..
BUSTER SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT... MY COUNTRY NEEDS HIM, AFTER ALL--
--EH? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE OUTSIDE
DECEPTICONS?!
GREETINGS, FLESHLING. WE'VE MISPLACED SIX OBJECTS THEY'RE SMALL AND METALLIC
. AND THIS VEHICLE REEKS OF THEM!
I'M SURE YOU WANT TO HELP US FIND THEM, RIGHT?
NO!!
LET ME RE-PHRASE THE QUESTION.
KRAK
AIEEE!!
BAM











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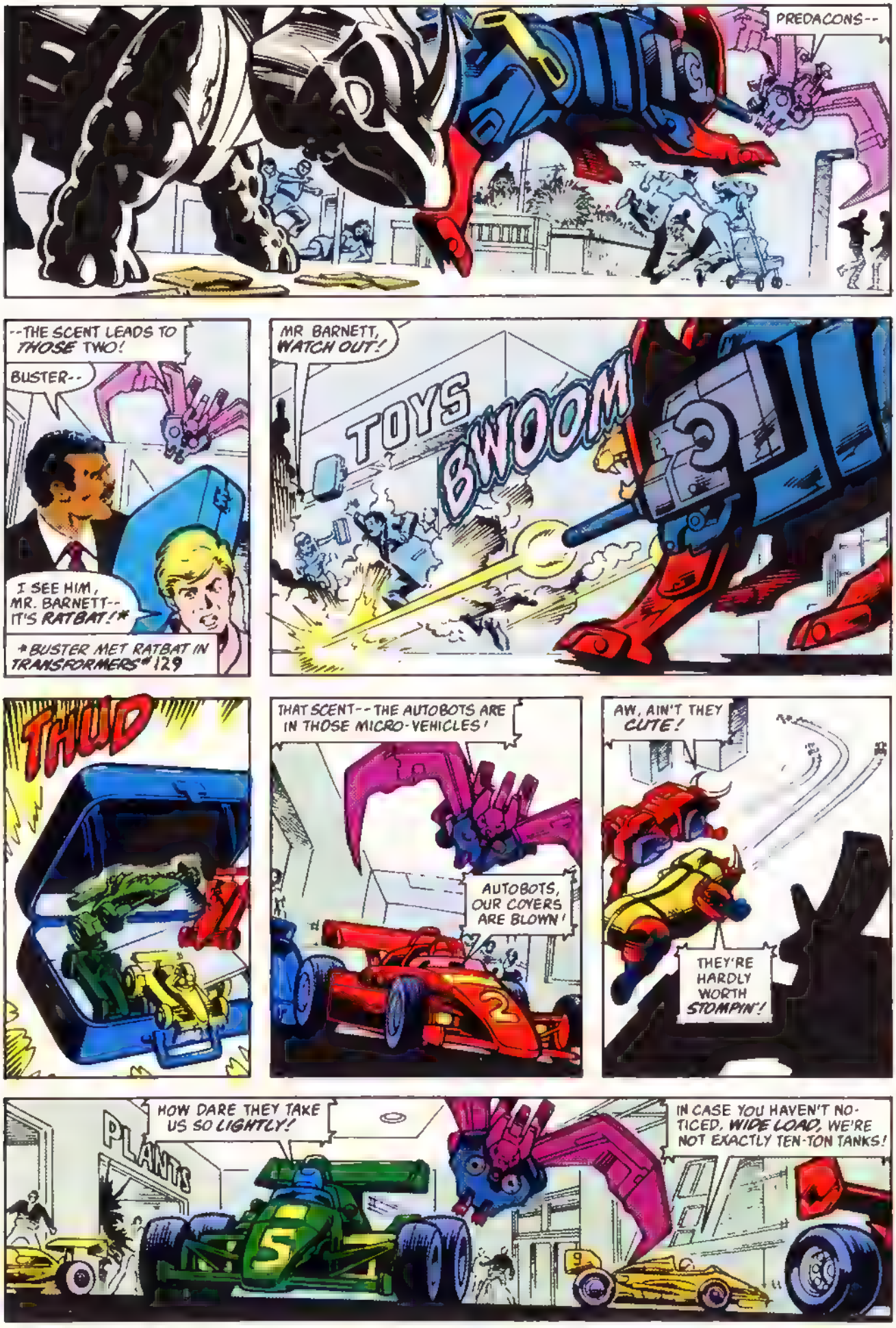
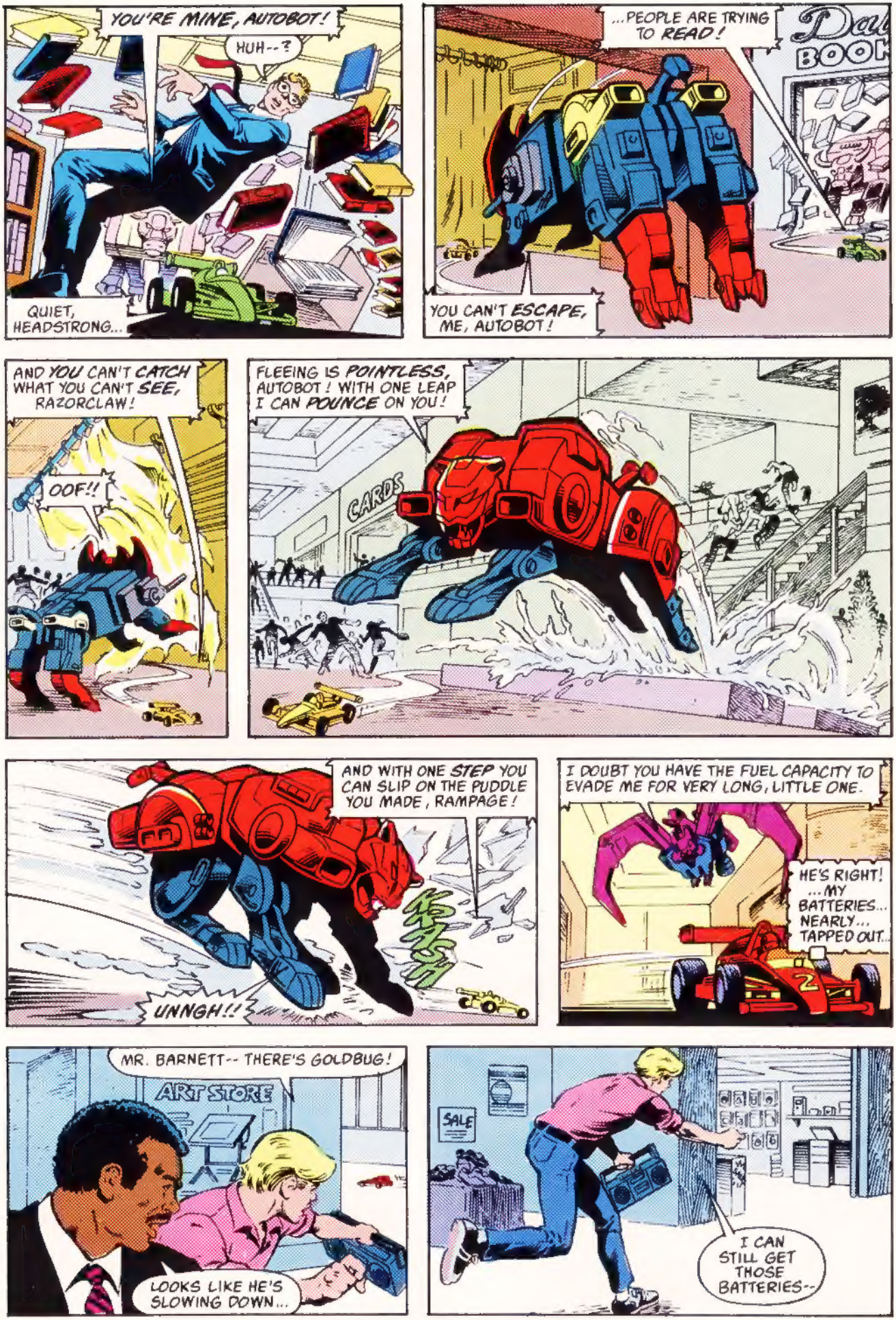
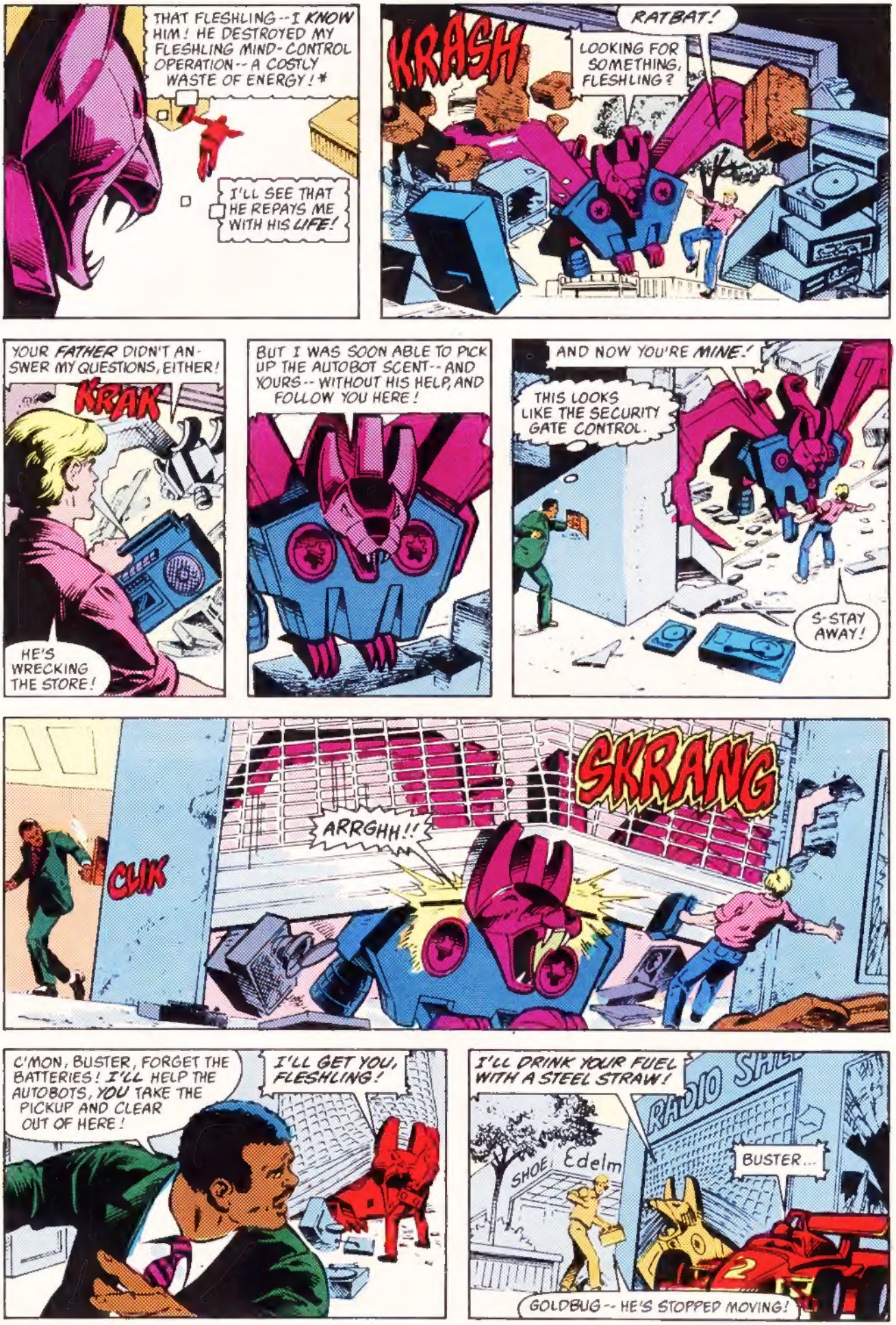
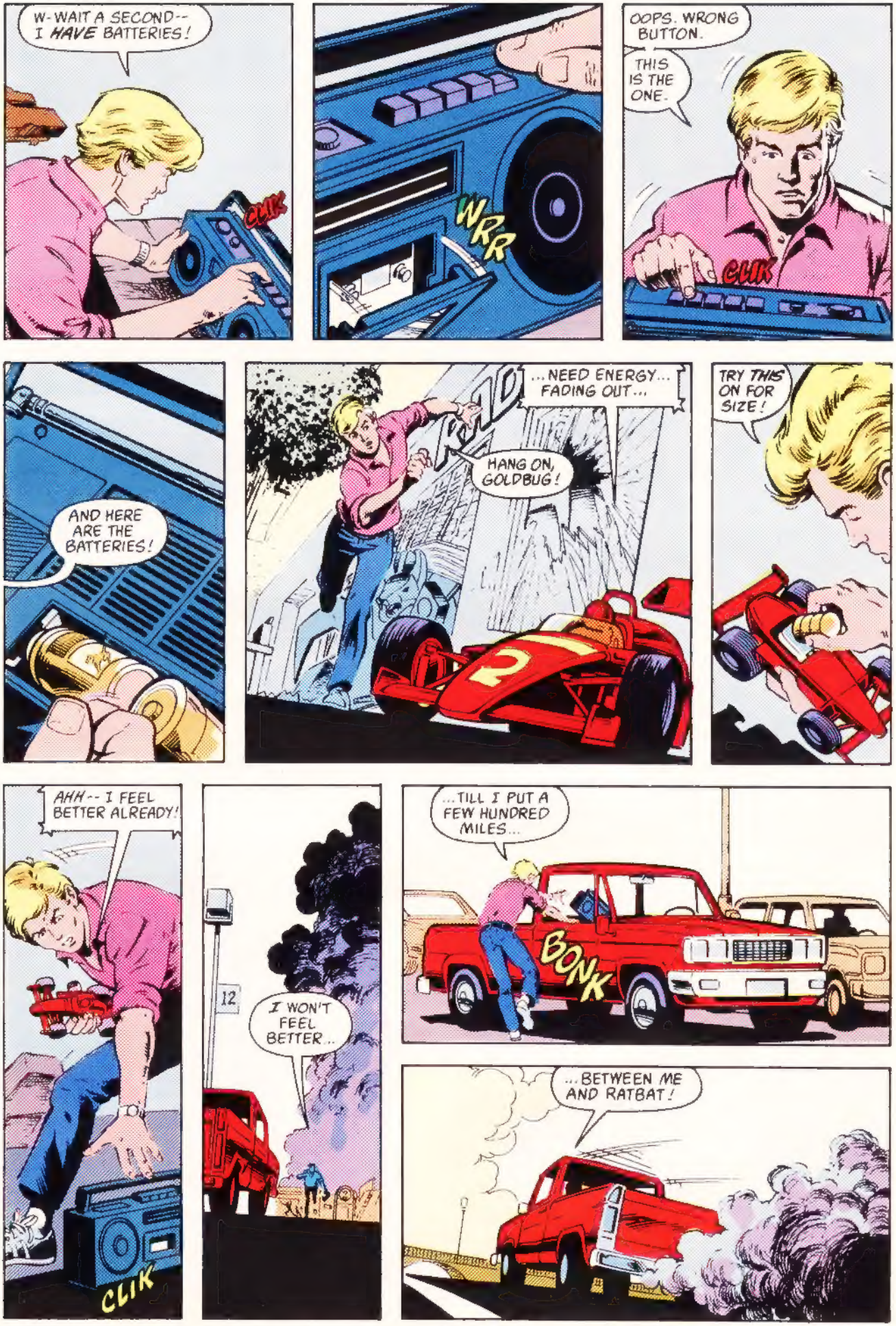
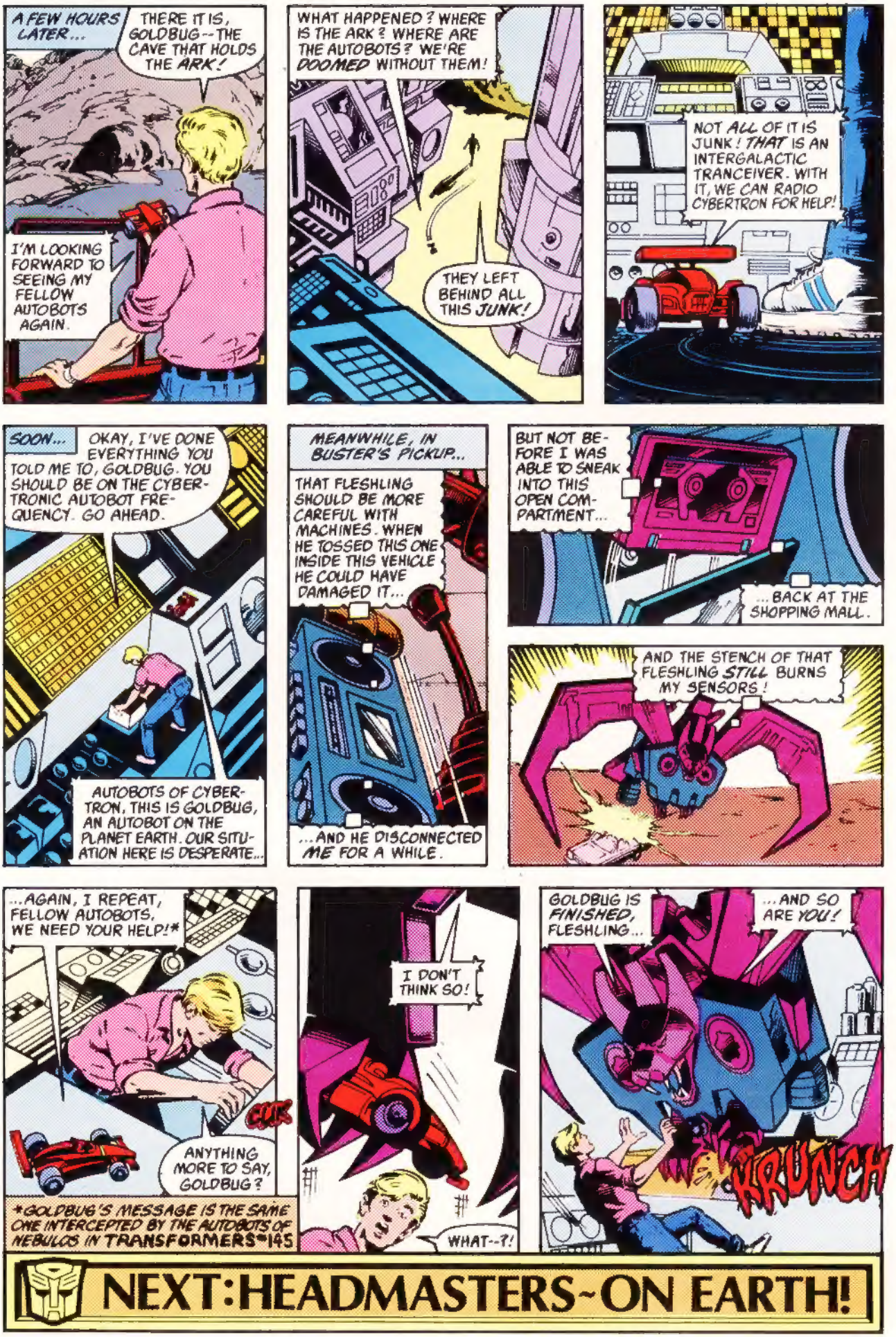

PREDACONS--
--THE SCENT LEADS TO THOSE TWO!
BUSTER--
I SEE HIM, MR. BARNETT-- IT'S RATBAT!*
*BUSTER MET RATBAT IN TRANSFORMERS #129
MR BARNETT, WATCH OUT!
TOYS
BWOOM
THUD
THAT SCENT-- THE AUTOBOTS ARE IN THOSE MICRO-VEHICLES!
AUTOBOTS, OUR COVERS ARE BLOWN!
AW, AIN'T THEY CUTE!
THEY'RE HARDLY WORTH STOMPIN'!
HOW DARE THEY TAKE US SO LIGHTLY!
PLANTS
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, WIDE LOAD, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY TEN-TON TANKS!


YOU'RE MINE, AUTOBOT!
HUH--?
QUIET, HEADSTRONG...
...PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO READ!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, ME, AUTOBOT!
AND YOU CAN'T CATCH WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE, RAZORCLAW!
OOF!!
FLEEING IS POINTLESS, AUTOBOT! WITH ONE LEAP I CAN POUNCE ON YOU!
CARDS
AND WITH ONE STEP YOU CAN SLIP ON THE PUDDLE YOU MADE, RAMPAGE!
KRASH
UNNGH!!
I DOUBT YOU HAVE THE FUEL CAPACITY TO EVADE ME FOR VERY LONG, LITTLE ONE.
HE'S RIGHT! ...MY BATTERIES... NEARLY... TAPPED OUT...
MR. BARNETT-- THERE'S GOLDBUG!
ART STORE
LOOKS LIKE HE'S SLOWING DOWN...
SALE
I CAN STILL GET THOSE BATTERIES--


THAT FLESHLING--I KNOW HIM! HE DESTROYED MY FLESHLING MIND-CONTROL OPERATION--A COSTLY WASTE OF ENERGY!*
I'LL SEE THAT HE REPAYS ME WITH HIS LIFE!
KRASH
RATBAT!
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, FLESHLING?
YOUR FATHER DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, EITHER!
KRAK
HE'S WRECKING THE STORE!
BUT I WAS SOON ABLE TO PICK UP THE AUTOBOT SCENT--AND YOURS--WITHOUT HIS HELP, AND FOLLOW YOU HERE!
AND NOW YOU'RE MINE!
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SECURITY GATE CONTROL.
S-STAY AWAY!
CLIK
ARRGHH!!
SKRANG
C'MON, BUSTER, FORGET THE BATTERIES! I'LL HELP THE AUTOBOTS, YOU TAKE THE PICKUP AND CLEAR OUT OF HERE!
I'LL GET YOU, FLESHLING!
I'LL DRINK YOUR FUEL WITH A STEEL STRAW!
RADIO SHACK
SHOE
Edelm
BUSTER...
GOLDBUG--HE'S STOPPED MOVING!


W-WAIT A SECOND-- I HAVE BATTERIES!
CLIK
WRR
OOPS. WRONG BUTTON.
THIS IS THE ONE.
CLIK
AND HERE ARE THE BATTERIES!
...NEED ENERGY... FADING OUT...
HANG ON, GOLDBUG!
TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!
AHH-- I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
CLIK
12
I WON'T FEEL BETTER..
...TILL I PUT A FEW HUNDRED MILES...
BONK
...BETWEEN ME AND RATBAT!


A FEW HOURS LATER...
THERE IT IS, GOLDBUG--THE CAVE THAT HOLDS THE ARK!
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS AGAIN.
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS THE ARK? WHERE ARE THE AUTOBOTS? WE'RE DOOMED WITHOUT THEM!
THEY LEFT BEHIND ALL THIS JUNK!
NOT ALL OF IT IS JUNK! THAT IS AN INTERGALACTIC TRANCEIVER. WITH IT, WE CAN RADIO CYBERTRON FOR HELP!
SOON...
OKAY, I'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU TOLD ME TO, GOLDBUG. YOU SHOULD BE ON THE CYBERTRONIC AUTOBOT FREQUENCY. GO AHEAD.
AUTOBOTS OF CYBERTRON, THIS IS GOLDBUG, AN AUTOBOT ON THE PLANET EARTH. OUR SITUATION HERE IS DESPERATE...
MEANWHILE, IN BUSTER'S PICKUP...
THAT FLESHLING SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WITH MACHINES. WHEN HE TOSSED THIS ONE INSIDE THIS VEHICLE HE COULD HAVE DAMAGED IT...
...AND HE DISCONNECTED ME FOR A WHILE.
BUT NOT BEFORE I WAS ABLE TO SNEAK INTO THIS OPEN COMPARTMENT...
...BACK AT THE SHOPPING MALL.
AND THE STENCH OF THAT FLESHLING STILL BURNS MY SENSORS!
...AGAIN, I REPEAT, FELLOW AUTOBOTS, WE NEED YOUR HELP!*
CUT
ANYTHING MORE TO SAY, GOLDBUG?
*GOLDBUG'S MESSAGE IS THE SAME ONE INTERCEPTED BY THE AUTOBOTS OF NEBULOS IN TRANSFORMERS #145
I DON'T THINK SO!
WHAT--?!
GOLDBUG IS FINISHED, FLESHLING...
...AND SO ARE YOU!
KRUNCH
NEXT: HEADMASTERS~ON EARTH!